



Cold Soup

Nudge past the gate,
a hand in something new.
Flight commandeered,
unto inspired legion.
Unless hours flee timework,
one might desert credo.
Wishes fail to save lost souls;
honors recess within.
Gray skies all kept under;
exposed a gruff fate.
Antidote writhes, upon
sculpting a vision.
Ease strife... a ritual
out of darkness.

–Jan L. Harvey